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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1917.

Purging Pessimism.

This is a black week for the allies. It is the most dismal since the Russians were beaten back across the Donajec in the fall of 1915. The disaster to the Italian arms is gloomy news for Americans, but helpful withal.

If it can only loosen the scales from our eyes; if it can make us see the war-scarred map of Europe as it really is, and rouse us to the great task that lies before us, then indeed future generations may have cause to raise thanks to the Almighty that it has happened.

It is the real turning point in the war. The allies must either hang together or hang separately. Let them cease their chatter about the peace terms they will "offer" Germany. A few weeks ago Italy was prating loudly about insisting upon the restoration of Italia Irredenta and the entire Dalmatian littoral to her in the peace conference. Now she will be humbly grateful if she can save Lombardy and all her northern provinces from being overrun by the enemy horde. This puncturing of the whole bubble of allied pretense makes the nations in arms against Germany almost look silly. It is about time they placed solid facts behind their logic.

The Teutons have turned the trick with regularity. In 1915 it was Russia and Serbia. In 1916 it was Rumania. In 1917 it is Italy. Who will be the spoils of 1918 for the relentless German maw? For unless the strong men of the allies determine to deal in facts instead of phrases, unless they absorb some of the "blood and iron" which is the keystone of schrecklichkeit, there will be another victim a year from now and it may be France.

America has an ideal chance at the coming inter-allied conference to insist upon an absolute unification of war control. Every nation at war with Germany is now dependent on the United States. We are the power house of the whole war machinery. Therefore, since the allies are in need of a strong man who will wield the powers of an autocrat, let us supply him.

The last vestige of an excuse has passed why Italy, France, Britain, or any other of the allied powers should venture to advance a single one of their private interests against the common interest. Everything must be thrown into a single pot. There should be no tolerance of pulling and tugging in opposite directions, or of one nation ignoring the teamwork that is ordered. If the European nations leagued against Germany cannot grasp that fact after three years of war, it is time that the American government forced them to accept it.

The Artist Spirit in War.

Alan Seeger, the poet of the Foreign Legion, and Rupert Brooke, mere stripling of a word-artist, and yet distinguished, both died in battle. Their poetry has been drowned in the blood-welter of the war, so far as the masses of readers are concerned. Yet it will live, perhaps, as the most remarkable literary product of the great world-convulsion which is both brutalizing and exalting the spirit of man.

These men are but two of thousands who have nobly maintained the honor of the arts in war. In our own Capital is Ignace Ian Paderewski, the rarest poet of the piano of the present generation, pleading, upholding the cause of his native, his beloved, Poland, no less a martyr nation than Belgium. For three years the ravishing of his people has crucified his spirit, but he has done what he could to aid them, devoting his earnings from concerts, making countless speeches and appeals in their cause.

Then there is Percy Grainger, another pianist of the highest rank, who enlisted as an ordinary musician in the Marine Corps, and is now touring the country in behalf of the Red Cross. As for the actors and the mimes, scores and hundreds of them enlisted in England, and many a Thespian has fallen victim to a Boche bullet. Those too old for service in battle have been active in the Medical Corps, Red Cross work, and in other lines.

There has been no scramble for officerships among those servants of the arts who have gone into the army, either here or abroad; the vast majority have been content "to do their bit" in a humble, obscure role.

Guard the Transports!

The torpedoing of the Finland emphasizes the warning which America received in the sinking of the Antilles.

There is no need of harassing the navy with querulous impertinence, but the question surely is in order: Is there no way of making absolute the safety of these vessels, which will transport hundreds of thousands of American troops to the battle line in France? It is repellant to think that these ships are assuming even a gambling chance of being sent to the bottom of the sea. If their safety cannot be practically assured, then the convoy system is not the success it was expected to be.

Great Britain sent millions of troops across the Channel without the loss of a single man. Canada, which has sent more than 400,000 troops across the Atlantic, has not lost a single transport, so far as is known. A number of French and Italian transports have been sunk in the Mediterranean, several of them laden with Chinese coolies from the Orient. But the British arms have not sustained a single vital loss in the matter of troopships. Nor have we, for that matter, since both the Antilles and the Finland were on their return voyages; but the fact that these vessels were torpedoed at all may well cause the deepest anxiety in the Navy.

Convoys should be redoubled, if need be. Our destroyers abroad should be devoted entirely to the task of protecting transports, for Germany can find no easier means of nullifying America's participation in the war than by dispatching these to the ocean bed. Supply ships, passenger ships, and others may well be neglected in favor of the troopships, whose precious cargo of human life should be guarded at all hazards.

It is idle to talk of the dimunition of the submarine menace when two such disasters as the torpedoing of the Antilles and the Finland come within a few days of each other. The fact that the loss of life on the Antilles was small, and that the Finland was able to limp back into port only slightly damaged, is the only ray of comfort we can glean from them.

Shipping.

The most unsatisfactory, least necessary, most stupid censorship of all to which the press of the nation voluntarily submits itself is that relating to shipping. There is an alleged "shipping muddle" which does not exist, and which has become a chopping block, or anvil, for a lot of hemmering, vacant-minded scribblers to exercise upon.

Unhappily, the government denies the newspapers the antidote to a silly propaganda of distortion and falsehood. Despite the inky clouds of secrecy, the facts are coming to light. However deplorable the Goethals-Denman controversy was, and however much it may have impeded the shipbuilding program for a period of two months or more, it is clear now that American business has at last tackled the shipping problem in grim, realistic earnestness, and is out to make a record. It will make a record, of that there is little doubt. The epochal conference of the shipbuilders yesterday is simply the symbol of a result that had been already attained. It swept the final cobweb off the ceiling; the last suggestion of friction or of lack of concentration and teamwork.

Why should the concrete facts be withheld from the American people? Is the purpose to deceive the enemy? The enemy either knows the situation down to the last detail, or should know it. It would give him a full picture of what he will be "up against;" of what strength America embattled will have at the zenith of her striking force.

"Wonderful things have been done done in American shipyards, but more must be done," says Theodore M. Knappen in the New York Tribune. "The public, now fully aware of the vital importance of ships, is eager for information regarding their production, but between the superfluous restrictions of a voluntary censorship and the idea of the Emergency Fleet Corporation as to what should not be published, it is not learning of the really inspiring things that are being done. It hears of all the strikes and of all the sinkings of ships, but it gets little or no information about the launching of ships or of the triumphs of the workers."

"Great ships are taking to the water almost daily," says the writer, and he tells of the full program of the Shipping Board—353 wooden ships, 58 composite, and 600 steel, with a total tonnage of nearly 6,000,000, all of them to be completed by the end of 1918. Even by next spring—provided the submarine is kept in check—the shipping shortage will be vastly relieved.

It is well that every American should know these facts, and details should be made public.

Now that she carries a cane woman hardly needs the vote to complete her emancipation.

At last Gen. Pershing's fame is complete. They've named a chrysanthemum after him.

We owe this duty to our allies—Get the boys, as many as possible, IN the trenches by Christmas!

It is much less tiring (to any boy) to throw snowballs for hours than to shovel snow off the walk five minutes.

"Over the Alps lies Italy!" Yes, but the big thing to bear in mind is—"Over the Rhine lies Kaiserdom!"

One of the real soldiers of this country was Gen. Wesley Merritt—and no officer was more beloved by his men than he. Was it not a gracious thing for his widow to give $10,000 that the boys of another generation should have protection from the pitfalls of life.

Washington has a distinction that few cities have. The men chosen to office in the last ten years have been the best men in their respective communities, and the selection of this type of men in the Capital, for a long or short time, is of benefit to the whole District.

'Twas Easily Done.

Hypochondria was the topic that was being discussed at a social affair when Senator William A. Smith, of Michigan, recalled the following story:

A woman who was perfectly well, but imagined she had at least a dozen different diseases, called one day to consult an eminent specialist.

"I think I understand your case thoroughly, madam," said the doctor as the patient began to tell the story of her life. "Just sit quite still a moment and let me look at you."

The patient complied and after studying her intently for a little while the physician glanced at his watch. "There is nothing the matter with you, madam," finally said the doctor. "You haven't the slightest indication of fever, and your heart beat is perfectly normal."

"Why, how do you know, doctor?" exclaimed the patient in surprise. "You didn't take my pulse."

"It wasn't necessary, madam," smiled the specialist. "I counted the vibrations of the ostrich feather on your hat."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE PANHANDLER'S LAMENT.

Say Bo, my luck is the toughest yet
The grafting is few an' seldom,
The tales that I used to tell to get
The rhino—the sobs that held 'em,
Don't go no more, an' when I brace
The easiest boobs, they jar me
With "Beat it, bo, or I'll punch your face,
Why don't you go in the army?"

I used to gnaw at a piece of crust
With a look that was starved an' holler,
An' the dames would look at me sad, an' just
Come through with a half a dollar;
I could mooch two bits 'cause my chest was bare
But now from their cash they bar me,
An' say, "There's khaki that you can wear
An' there's lots of food in the army."

They tell me the army life is hard
An' I'm pretty blame soft an' flabby
But I can't get by with the old stuff, pard,
An' the world is treatin' me shabby,
They say that you can't get booze, but then
That stuff does nuttin' but harm me,
An' they might make me a Man again—
So I'm thinkin' I'll join the army!"

—BERTON BRALEY.

Front Page Stuff

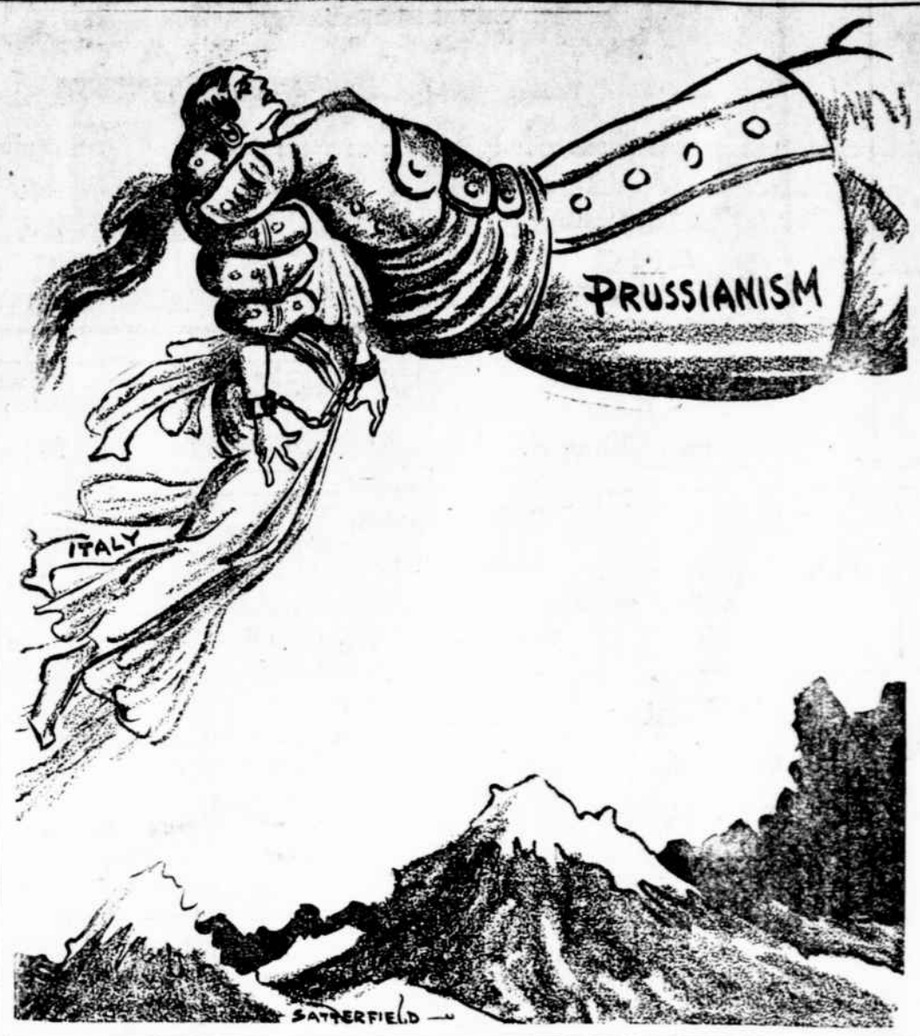
Good-by to the Nobody Homes
Who shirk upon magazine covers,
With never a thought in their domes
Except about dresses or lovers;
Good-by to their fluff and their curls
Their silly and simpering grin,
They've had to make way for the girls
On covers by Neysa McMein.

She draws us some regular dames
With eyes that can kindle and quicken,
Not little fool faces in frames
Depicting the type we call chicken;
No, Neysa shows girls we could love
And maids we'd like dearly to win,
We cannot help thinking well of
The covers by Neysa McMein.

Yes, Neysa, we're strong for your stuff,
Your girls who have sense and discretion;
Keep on, for we can't get enough
Of maidens who give that impression.
Your vogue is far more than a fad
So gather the fame—and the tin;
Nope, there is no charge for this ad
Of covers by Neysa McMein.

—BERTON BRALEY.

ANOTHER VICTIM?



HEARD UNDER THE DOME

Interest in Wisconsin.

Considerable interest centers in settlement of the senatorial problem in Wisconsin. Not only is the question causing the most widespread discussion in that State, but the people of the nation are discussing it with deep interest, and every step will be closely watched from now on until the successor of the late Senator Husting is selected.

The chances that the legislature will prescribe a law under which the governor can make an appointment—granting that they will see it the way Governor Phillips does—leaves the situation open for some interesting developments. Already there is talk to the effect that the governor should be compelled by enactment of the legislature, to appoint a man of the same political faith as the late member. If that is done it would limit the field to Democrats, and would therefore remove from the realm of selection some of the very able men who are now mentioned.

A Republican Legislature, however, is not expected to take this step—in spite of the many examples cited of similar provisions obtaining in the appointment of members of State Legislatures. Such a provision would be an admission that the Republicans have no patriots in their midst—and this, so Republican leaders say here, is exactly what they do not believe and do not want to circulate as their admission. The Republican party in Wisconsin has capable men and patriotic men to meet this emergency and they do not propose to allow the appointment to go to members of the opposing party.

One member of the party, who came here the other day on a mission of some importance, said that the Republicans nearest the "throne" there are anxious to make up for the cloud that La Follette has cast upon them. They want to see a Republican chosen who is known for his patriotism and who will more than offset—just as did the late Senator Husting—anything that may be said in the Senate to indicate that the State of Wisconsin is in sympathy with the Kaiser's cause.

In connection with the discussion of Senator La Follette's power in the State it may be interesting to repeat what this Senator said last year when he was re-elected to the Upper House of Congress. He made his primary campaign largely on a Democratic issue—and he was nominated because of it, so he himself stated several times. This was the tariff—Senator La Follette making much in his home State of the fact that he voted for the Underwood tariff bill. The men who were opposing him most violnlly in the Republican primaries held that up against him—that he voted for a Democratic tariff measure—and they appealed to all good Republicans to come to the aid of their party and abolish such a partisan traitor as he proved to be. The slogan was not sufficient, however, and the Senator was renominated. This was widely used by the Democrats in Western States to prove a Republican indorsement in Wisconsin of the Democratic tariff bill. This was effective, too, and it made many an audience laugh when it was told by Democratic campaign orators in the West last year—just as it made the Republican orators embarrassed in their efforts to explain it.

The German Female.

So much has been written about the German male, particularly of the genus Hohenzollern, and so little has been said in this war of wars about the German female!

Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, inserted something in the Congressional Record during an idle moment of the closing days of the late session on this which he has found has been read by many subscribers to the Record, and which he also says carries a lesson to Americans. The readers of The Herald will be interested in it, we are quite sure.

This was a letter from a German school girl, Katie Hamel, to a school chum of hers in Scotland. It was written slightly more than a year ago, and among other things this precocious little lady had to say was:

"And you reproach us that the German soldiers have been very cruel to the Belgian rabble, and you speak of the destruction of Rheims, and the burning of villages and towns. Well, this is war. As in every other undertaking we are past masters in the making of war.

"You have a great deal to learn before you can come up to our standard. And I can assure you that what has been done is a mere bagatelle to what is to follow.

"As a matter of fact there is only one race worthy of ruling the world, and which has already attained the highest degree of civilization. That race is ours, the Prussians; for though we Germans in general are the lords of the world, the Prussian is undoubtedly the lord par excellence among the Germans.

"All other nations, unfortunately among them the Swiss, are degenerate and of inferior worth. That is why I have always been so proud of being a Prussian.

"You know now why we wished this war. Is it not shameful that other nations who have no right to existence on the earth, wish to diminish our heritage? We are the divine fruit, the others are only weeds. That is why our great Emperor has decided to put an end to all these injustices and to extirpate the weeds. Do you understand now?"

And this is the Prussian female. If the feeling of this mere child can be as deep as this what must be the feeling of the mothers of Germany—and the wives? Verily the task to which we have set ourselves is a grim one and it is not the time for us to quibble over affairs, or to permit food barons or profiteers or seditionists or any other insidious influence to weaken our case one whit. Congress is beginning to see—and Congress will make things count every moment during the coming sesesion, it is to be hoped.

Champ Clark Retracts.

Champ Clark, beloved though he is, will probably suffer somewhat because he spoke too hastily and condemned men who are trying, in their way, to do something for the country in its hour of peril. At least, this is the belief of some of Champ's colleagues who regret quite as much as he undoubtedly does, the fact that he had a hair-trigger tongue, in this instance.

The Speaker will not be held as blameless for the assault itself as for the fact that he took a positive position before he knew all the facts. Just now is the time when men and interests must be tolerant of each other when utterances should be tumbled over in people's minds several times before they are released to the world. It is this cautilon that government authorities have been impressing upon the people ever since the war began—and the Speaker should have been one of the first to observe this to the letter.

One great good may come of the incident, however, and this due to the prompt retraction which the Speaker made and the publicity given to both his original expression and the consequent apology which followed it. Other men in public life will be careful what they say and they will think twice and perhaps thrice before they say it. The humiliation of having to retract statements of such magnitude is something not many of them care to undergo, and particularly those who desire to stay high in public favor and who want to aid their country to the utmost in this crisis.

Champ Clark's statement might have gone unnoticed had a smaller man made it—and the retraction consequently, might not have brought the lesson that it does in his case. Now, however, it will be a plain lesson to all and he who runs may read something of decided interest.

THE OBSERVER.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A DANGER SIGNAL.

In all things I can see some good
Aye even in old Kaiser Bill.
If they be rightly understood
There's good inside of every ill.

Old Billiam is a beacon-light
Set up where every man can see
What kind of an unrighteous wight
A truly Selfish man can be.

A warning he 'gainst vain conceit;
A danger sign flung far and wide
Diverting our unwary feet
From arrogance and pompous pride.

(Copyright, 1917.)

MISSIONARY'S WIDOW DIES.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 4.—Announcement is made of the death in Worcester of Mrs. Susan Anna Wheeler, widow of the Rev. Crosby H. Wheeler, pioneer missionary of the American Board, who founded and built up Euphrates College, in Harpoot, Turkey. Mrs. Wheeler was 90 years old.

No other country in Southeastern Europe offers such opportunities for fruit growing as does Bulgaria.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

(Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald.)

New York, Nov. 4.—As Samuel Pepys might record in his diary: Up early and breakfasted with Berton Braley, the poet, and left him to go with my cozen to the flying machine ground at Mineola. And saw twenty flying machines circling about, dipping and dropping, very thrilling.

And saw in one machine a Broadway dancing man who has grown robust in service and has eschewed cigarettes and late hours and avers he will never again go back to his old way of conduct, so help him.

Home through a lonely road and stopped at an unpainted tavern for a beaker of milk, and the rheumatic innkeeper tells of having three sons in France and his wife ill he must do all the work himself, and we gave him some extra shillings.

Comes Fred Kelly, the scrivener, in a gasoline waggon from Ohio, with two government constables, to put up with us, and we make merry with quips and tricks of magic, which I would liefer do than anything. And Kelly tells me of the new home he has bought at the capital; albeit, I wondered where the money came from.

To a hall where Lord Gerard, only recently back from Germany, makes a speech. Much talk that Lord Mayor Mitchel will be defeated at the polls, which I hope is not true; yet I know little of politics, but he once sent me a courteous note by post which I will never forget.

This day cast my accounts, very depressing, what with Christmas coming on and other expenses I fear I shall be forced to forego many things. For dinner with my wife, poor wretch, and for a walk through the town. And saw David Belasco and Ray Long, the editor, and many others. And so home to bed.

The sale of the effects of Diamond Jim Brady, business man by day and boulevardier at night, brought a distinguished gathering of New York celebrities at the auction room on Twenty-third, where his treasures were sold.

One set of pearl poker chips sold for $675. A mahogany poker table sold for $200. One of the articles that excited lively bidding was a gold theater pass presented to Mr. Brady by all the prominent theatrical managers, but which he never used.

A human interest touch was presented when a former well-known Broadwayite, now living off the bounty of friends, appeared. He wanted some memento of Diamond Jim, but he had only $2 in cash. "He was the best friend I ever had," he said. "I never was refused a loan." The auctioneer generously gave the man a pair of Mr. Brady's gold cuff links.

There they sat, a college professor and a British soldier, in one of those spic little cafes off of Broadway. Miss Chewing Gum, the waitress, was taking their orders.

There was a whirr of an aeroplane overhead. Out the door they ran. If the sun had been shining so as to give off the proper amount of heat, their throats would have become sunburned. Which is to say, they looked upward.

"Intensely interesting. Almost incomprehensible."

"A jolly brave chap, bah Jove!"

"Ain't he the grandest thing?"

Question: Which said which?

How the bugaboo of the Gary system has affected the school youngsters is reflected in an incident which occurred during a recent demonstration against one of the schools on the East Side. A teacher saw a group of boys bombarding a school building. She grabbed one little fellow by the arm and asked him what prompted his attack.

"Aw, gee, the Gerry sisters are coming," replied the youngster, his eyes dilated with alarm.

FRANK VANDERLIP SAYS:

War Loans Are Teaching American People How to Economize and to Invest

The United States is becoming a nation of bond-owners. The floating of two Liberty Loans which have made everybody familiar with bonds and what they stand for, is certain to be followed by much buying of bonds on the part of our plain American people, who formerly left these issues to be taken up by banks and capitalists.

"A bond in every home" is not impossible development of the American future.

No American is a better authority on this subject than Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, New York—the biggest bank in America, and one of the five biggest in the world.

Vanderlip is now a volunteer worker in the United States Treasury Department in this city. His patriotic job is to sell two billion dollars' worth of war savings certificates, which will be ready perhaps in December.

Says FRANK A. VANDERLIP, In an interview with The Washington Herald.


F. A. Vanderlip.

The great success of the second offering of the liberty loan bonds has in it a deep significance in regard to the future of investment business in the United States.

The education which these liberty loan campaigns are giving the people of this country in regard to investment securities and the experience which the people are gaining will, I believe, have a profound effect in the future upon the market for securities other than government offerings.

When the first liberty loan campaign was being organized some figures were collected from the great bond selling houses, with a view of ascertaining how many people in the United States were in the habit of investing in securities. The conclusion was reached that all the names on the books of all the important bond houses did not aggregate much if any more than 300,000 persons. Subscribers to the first liberty loan numbered 4,000,000. A vast number of additional subscribers to the second loan will learn for the first time what a bond looks like, and will get their first lesson in the acquisition of a sound investment. I believe the result of this is going to be of fundamental importance to our future. It means growing habits of thrift for our people, and it means vast accumulation of capital in a world that will sorely need capital.

America is in a position to take a place of financial pre-eminence in the world, but whether she does take that place or not lies not with the bankers, not with the government, but in the will of the people to save.

If some of the vast earning power of this country can in a fair proportion be diverted through the channel of savings into new resources for investment, America will easily take the first position in financing the reconstruction of the world.

We are going to discover through these sales of liberty bonds that the investment capacity of the United States is beyond anything heretofore dreamed of. The first liberty loan, four times larger than the largest loan ever placed in America before was in three months completely absorbed by investors.

Practically none of it remained in the hands of the banks, either in the form of investment or as collateral for customers' loans. No one familiar with investment conditions would have deemed that possible.

People have begun to save in order that they may invest. They are realizing that the war must be fought with future savings, that past savings are already invested and are in fixed forms of property that cannot be devoted to the purposes of the war. As that lesson gets thoroughly into the minds of 100,000,000 people and they begin with a will to save, in order that they may invest, the possibilities in the way of creating fresh investment funds will prove beyond the wildest imaginings of what might be the total investment fund in the country.

Sensible economy practiced by the people will not mean stagnation in business.

With the government seeking to buy goods and services for itself and the allies to an amount approximating $20,000,000,000 a year, there can be no idleness. There can only be the most extreme activity in nearly all lines of industry.

I doubt very much—and I express this only as a personal view—that the government will be able to spend the total appropriated. Not because it may not be needed in the promotion of the war, but because it will be impossible to produce the goods.

There will be a most imperative necessity that people analyze their expenditures, and buy nothing but what is needful; not so much that they may save money to lend to the government, as they must save manpower from doing unnecessary work.

All this is not going to bring stagnation to business. The government's activities, the complete labor prices of all agricultural produce, should make up a period of intense industrial and commercial activity. Business will be greater than ever before; but it will be somewhat different in character.

The maker of unnecessary luxuries may suffer for the time being, but he, and all of us, must recognize that we cannot go on producing, all the things, necessary and unnecessary, that we have been producing, and in addition produce $20,000,000,000 worth of other things for the government.

The war is going to reveal our financial resources in such proportion that their extent will astound the world. It is going to extend a knowledge of investments to millions of people who never before saw a security. It will start habits of thrift which should take deep root in our national character, and will produce a profound effect upon our national lives long after the war is victoriously ended.

PLAIN TALKS - By John D. Barry

There was a man who secured great power in the world.

It afforded him opportunities for self-indulgence which he turned from without even giving them a glance.

It also offered him opportunities for service. He seized them eagerly. He resolved to devote the rest of his life to helping his fellow man.

He would do so much good that his name should become an inspiration.

It would lead other men with power to do as he did.

He should set a new fashion.

In this way he felt sure that he should secure the greatest reward that could be given him by men, their gratitude.

Presently the man accepted himself at the world's valuation, as the greatest benefactor of human kind, the leader among those who were to make the world over.

He began to speak like an oracle. He told the institutions that he founded, the directors of the causes and the individuals that he helped, just what they should do.

But as the years passed the man met more and more disappointment, and he felt a more and more bitter resentment.

He said that he was being used and that his generosity was being abused.

He decided that all persons cared about him was his money.

He suspected every one that approached him of being after some kind of advantage.

He shut himself up like a hermit, seeing only the few that he had business with. Even these he suspected.

He suffered intensely now.

Instead of receiving gratitude he kept assuring himself that he was receiving ingratitude. The world that he had helped he hated.

One day the man heard of another man who was known for his love of mankind and for the service he had done the world, not by wealth but by personal sacrifice.

"I'd like to talk with that fellow," he said to himself grimly.

His motive was to talk about himself and all he had done and all it had brought him in misery.

Being powerful, he had no difficulty in getting the fellow to come to him.

The two met face to face, eyeing each other.

The man told his story. At the end he said: "I've about given up the idea of trying to do good in the world."

"Why?" asked the visitor.

"Haven't I told you what it has brought me—nothing but ingratitude?"

"Did you do it for what it would bring you?"

"Don't you receive gratitude for what you do?" the man asked with some heat.

The visitor laughed. "Oh, I receive far more than I deserve. It makes me ashamed at times. But I enjoy it, too. Even if I didn't I couldn't help being glad to see how much happiness it gives those who feel it."

"But how do you get it for your work when I don't get it for mine?"

The visitor looked puzzled. "Can't you see?" he asked. "Why, I love the work. I have a good time every day I live."

"And yet you have nothing," the man said, in bewilderment, as if thinking aloud.

"Nonsense," said the visitor, as he started for the door, his eyes shining with merriment. "I have everything. You're the one that has nothing."

Mrs. Eunice Clark, mother of two children, attends school every day in the public school in Cleveland, Ohio, so as to familiarize herself with the methods used in teaching her children.

Women over 18 years of age employed in the large shell factories in England in unskilled and semi-skilled capacities receive $4.87 per week.